

LAS VEGAS GAZETTE.

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CARDS

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CHAPMAN LODGE No. 95, A. F. & A. M. meets on the 3d Saturday of each month, at the Masonic Hall, Central St., between West 2d and 3d Streets.
CHARLES ILFELD, Secretary.

SITTING DOWN SUDDENLY.

Maria Ann went to the front door, last evening, to see if the afternoon paper had come. She had been delivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my "cold molasses style" of moving around. As she opened the door she remarked: "I like to see a body move quickly, prompt, emphatic"—that was all; but I heard some one bumping down the stairs in a most prompt and emphatic manner, and I reached the door just in time to see my better half sliding across the sidewalk in a sitting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity; but she did not seem inclined to carry on the conversation, and I started for my office.

Right in front of me, on a slippery sidewalk, strode two independent Knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the future, and, as I overtook them, I heard one of them say: "I have only my two hands to depend upon; but that is fortune enough to any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to paddle my own canoe—I believe I can make my own way through the world," his feet slid out from under him, and he came down in the shape of a big V. I told him he could never make his way through the world in that direction, unless he came down harder, and that if he did he would go through among the "beaten Chinese," and he was really grateful for the place I manifested. He invited me to the interval where ice never forms on the sidewalk.

Then I slid along behind a loving couple on Bishop. Their hands were frozen together. Their hearts beat as one. Said he: "My own, I shall think nothing of hard work if I can only make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comforts; my sympathy shall lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and your support; your" he snipped. His speech was too flowery for this climate; and as I passed them she was trying to lift him up.

Two lawyers coming from the court house next attracted my attention: "Ah," said one, "Judge Forrest would rule that out. We must concede the first two points. We can afford to do it if the evidence sustains us in the third; but on this position we must take our first stand,"—his time was up. I left him moving for a new trial.

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us. How easily is humanity controlled by circumstances—and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermon might be based—I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accidents.

The sharpest, so far, this month, is the Troy girl who makes her unsuspecting father the daily bearer of sweet missives to a clerk in his office who has been forbidden to visit his employer's house. She pins the letter in the old man's cloak, and when he reaches the office and throws off the garment, the clerk gets it and responds by the same carrier.

THE EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF OUR GOVERNMENT FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT TIME.

Many persons who are not posted in the history of our Government are under the impression that John Hancock was the only executive officer of our Government before Washington, but this is a mistake. Our country before and during the Revolution, had a regular Government. It was called the "Continental Congress."—This form of government covered a period of fifteen years, viz: from 1774 to 1789, when the Constitution of the United States was adopted. The following were the Presidents of the Continental Congress:

1. Payton Randolph of Va., from September 5, 1774, to May 24, 1775.
2. John Hancock of Mass., from May 24, 1775, to Nov. 1, 1777.
3. Henry Laurens of South Carolina, from 1777 to December 10, 1778.
4. John Jay of New York, from 1778 to 1779.
5. Samuel Huntington of Connecticut, from 1779 to 1781.
6. Thomas McKean of Delaware, from July 10, 1781, to Nov. 4, 1782.
7. John Hanson of Maryland, from Nov. 4, 1782, to Nov. 4, 1783.
8. Elias Boudinot of New Jersey, from Nov. 4, 1783, to Nov. 30, 1783.
9. Thomas Mifflin of Pennsylvania, from Nov. 30, 1783, to Nov. 30, 1783.
10. Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, from Nov. 30, 1783, to June 6, 1787.
11. Nathaniel Gorham, of Mass., from June 6, 1787, to Nov., 1787.
12. Arthur St. Clair of Pennsylvania, from Feb. 1787, to Nov. 1787.
13. Cyrus Griffin of Virginia, from June to November 1788.

I suppose he was chairman on a particular occasion just before the formation of the Federal Union of States.

Under the Constitution we have:

1. George Washington, from 1789 to 1797. Two terms.
2. John Adams, of Mass., from 1797 to 1801. One term.
3. Thos. Jefferson, of Virginia, from 1801 to 1809. Two terms.
4. Jas. Madison, of Virginia, from 1809 to 1817. Two terms.
5. Jas. Monroe, of Virginia, from 1817 to 1825. Two terms.
6. John Quincy Adams, from: 1825 to 1829. Two terms.
7. Andrew Jackson, of Tenn., from 1829 to 1837. Two terms.
8. Martin Van Buren, of N. Y. from 1837 to 1841. One term.
9. Wm. H. Harrison, of Ohio, 1841.—Term served out by John Tyler.
10. John Tyler, of Virginia, from 1841 to 1845. One term.
11. Jas. K. Polk, of Tenn., from 1845 to 1849. One term.
12. Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana, 1849. Died in 1850.
13. Millard Fillmore, of New York, from 1850 to 1853. One term.
14. Frank Pierce, of N. H., from 1853 to 1857. One term.
15. Jas. Buchanan, of Penn., from 1857 to 1861. One term.
16. A. Lincoln, of Illinois, from 1861 to 1865. Then assassinated.
17. Andrew Johnson, of Tenn., from 1865 to 1869. One term.
18. U. S. Grant, of Illinois, from 1869 to 1872. Then re-elected.

This table of our presidents may be of great use, and should be put on file for reference. Even old persons whose lives go back to the time of most of our presidents cannot at once recall the years in which they were elected. Try it without this table. Here we have the history of our Government in a nutshell.

EXTRAORDINARY STATEMENT.—The following extraordinary statement regarding the vote for President and vice President of the United States, at the recent election, is given by an exchange.

The total vote cast at the last election was about 7,000,000. This was divided in regard to race or color as follows.

Whites for Greeley,	3,100,000
Whites for Grant	3,800,000
White majority for Greeley	100,000
Colored vote for Grant	851,000
Colored vote for Greeley	50,000
Colored majority for Grant	801,000
Deduct white majority for Greeley	100,000
Grant's majority	701,000

From this statement it appears that the colored voters of the United States have the balance of power at this time.

Owen Burgess, of Danbury, is in the Bridgeport jail. A nice man he is. Danbury has gone to work at great expense to build a handsome brick jail, with hot and cold water and gas, and put a pinnacle and French roof on it, and done everything possible to furnish it with the comforts of a home and this Burgess, this man who pretends to be a Danburian and have the interest of his town at heart goes off twenty miles to patronize a rival institution. That's a brilliant way to encourage home industry, that is!

A gentleman connected with a Boston bank as a clerk recently robbed the bank. They called him a "fellow" and other respectable names at first, and some intimated that he was a thief—for they thought he had stolen only a few dollars; but it turns out that he took \$55,000, and is not a thief at all, but a defaulter. He has been bailed out for the good of society.

A drunken man froze to death in a coach in New York a few nights ago. That shows that his rum had been watered—a very dangerous experiment in cold weather.

THE "COLDWATER" BATTERY.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

The late Gen. Loomis, of Michigan, organized and commanded the famous Loomis Battery, of Coldwater, Michigan, which performed such efficient service during the late war. The word "Coldwater" was inscribed upon their guns. When the battery first started for the field they passed through Cincinnati. It was early in the strife and a battery of artillery attracted more attention than they afterward did. Hundreds of people gathered at the landing to see the Loomis Battery the day they were to embark for West Virginia, the place of their destination. They were, indeed, a fine looking body of men—picked men, in fact—and Gen. Loomis at that time was one of the handsomest, most soldierly looking men we ever saw. He was over six feet in height, large and fine looking and a thorough soldier by nature and education.

Among those who visited the battery on the landing was a well-known Cincinnati divine, whose temperance proclivities are a marked feature of his life. He saw the word "Coldwater" on the guns, and this inspired him to make a little speech. "Soldiers," said he impressively, and all removed their hats and listened to the venerable divine whose white hair was lifted in the breeze from the river, "Soldiers, it rejoices me to see one company of temperance men marching forth to meet the enemy."

"Rum," continued the zealous divine, "is the bane of the soldier as it is of a man in every other line of life: War slays its thousands. The temptations to drink in the army are very great, I know, and therefore it is with feelings of pride that I see one body of men who have the moral courage to march to the battle field with the glorious words 'Coldwater' inscribed upon their guns. Go on, cold-water men! You have a glorious mission to perform. While striking terror to the enemy and sending destruction among them from the brazen throats of your cannons, you set a pattern of temperance and sobriety that may not be without its effect upon your comrades in arms. May you be able by your glorious example to transmute the army of the Union into a cold-water army."

The men gave him a rousing cheer at the conclusion of his speech, although they could hardly choke down their laughter. Gen. Loomis, who told us the story himself some years after the war was ended, said he hadn't the heart to undeceive the good old man, and to this day that divine has doubtless remembered the noble battery who had the moral courage to inscribe "Coldwater" on their cannon before marching to the front, although, as Loomis remarked, they could get away with more whiskey than any two batteries in the service.—Detroit Free Press.

Shears, of Yonkers, is a funny fellow; always ready with an answer; is never puzzled to get out of most any kind of a fix, and generally comes out ahead of any one who undertakes to play a joke upon him. Shears had a serious idea that he knew something about raising celery. So in the latter part of July he went to the seed-store to purchase some seed to sow. In order to have celery early in the fall. On arriving at the store, he found several gentlemen of his acquaintance, and on calling for the seed, they all began to laugh, asking him what he was going to do with celery seed at that time of the year, as it took several months for it to grow. Shears found himself "in a fix," but for a moment; he asked the seedsmen if he had not Australian celery seed. The seedsmen and gentlemen replied that they had never heard of it. "Why," said Shears, in apparent astonishment, "I supposed that every one who knew anything at all about celery had heard of it; they use it altogether in Red Bank, N. J., you plant it now, and in thirty days your celery is ready for banking." The seedsmen, entirely unconscious that Shears was playing a joke, took a memorandum and said he would purchase some the next time he went to New York. Probably he found out that Shears had the laugh on him in his endeavors to find such wonderful seed.

A PRACTICAL JOKER.—A facetious gentleman in our town having been requested to engage the services of a minister to officiate at a wedding which was to take place at his house, called upon one of the clergymen and stated that he wanted him to attend to a little business of a private nature—that there was a couple (whose names he declined to make known) who were living in a manner very unsatisfactory to themselves, and that they had agreed to meet a minister at his house that evening and leave it to him to fix the matter in a shape satisfactory to the parties. He thought the reverend gentleman could arrange matters with very little effort, etc. The minister really disliked to have anything to do with such matters, and begged the applicant to try to get some one else—an older man—some person of more experience—and after backing up his reluctance with several excuses, he was excused on condition that he would go if he could not get any body else. Accordingly, the oldest minister in town was called upon in the same manner—and after some effort to get excused from so disagreeable a duty, finally consented to go and do what he could to bring about domestic harmony. Upon arriving, when license and fees were placed in his hand, he readily understood that the matter could be adjusted very easily and with few words.—Crown Point Register.

A good story is told of a St. Louis dry goods clerk who attended a dance, since. He wore a cheviot shirt, and put on a great many airs. He was somewhat taken down, however, when he overheard one country lass say to another, "That St. Louis chap slings on a heap of style, for a fellow that wears a bed tick shirt."

An eminent French physician asserts that habitual cigarette smokers will die of consumption before they are 50 years old.

John A. Gie, a Celestial from the "Flowery Land," appeared in court, in New York, a day or two since, as complainant against one Webster.

The interpreter made a statement to the Judge, and previous to administering the oath, his honor said:

"Ask him where he goes to church?"

After a prolonged interview between the interpreter and the witness it was ascertained that he attended the Five Points Mission. Judge Dowling—What does he believe in? Interpreter—He says he believes in God. Judge Dowling—Ask him what he thinks would become of him if he takes a false oath.

Interpreter (after another prolonged interview)—He says he could not go back to China and would have to stay in New York all the time.

Judge Dowling—Well, I suppose that would be punishment enough for any Chinaman.

A new book on ethnology has been published at Vienna by Herr Obermuller, who traces in it the origin of the Germanic races back to Cain. It treats of the beginning of all European races, but more particularly and strikingly of the German. This race started from the plains of Tartary. From thence it migrated to China, and intermarried with the Mongolian, a primordial race, which primarily came from the Land of Noe where Cain lived and his descendants. Thus came the Turks, while the purer Celtic tribes formed the Sumbians and the Goths. They came pouring into Germany about the time of the great Roman conquest. Herr Obermuller separates the Celtic from the Teutonic races, and his deductions are in this but those of nearly all later writers on ethnology.

An oyster opening match took place in Danbury last week. The match was between Charles E. Goodale, Oliver Blassard and Geo. Bartram. The first named agreed to open 600 oysters before Blassard and Bartram could open 300 each. The wager was \$50. The News thus describes Goodale's operations: He would catch an oyster by the hair, knock off its nose with a tack hammer, jam the keen point of a knife in the back of its ear, and before that oyster could see a chance to make any provision for the future its roof was off, and it was making acrobatic movements towards the pan.

SPOILED CHINAMAN.—A San Francisco daily says: "The Chinaman has been spoiled by a lot of old maid Sunday school girls, who have supposed themselves doing God's service in teaching those barbarians to love Jesus, while all the time the Chinese have been acquiring a knowledge of the English language in order to obtain higher wages. These good philanthropic men and women have spoiled the Chinese from being servants, and if they ever converted one of these pagans into a Christian we have never seen the result of their labor, and do not believe in a converted heathen."

Once on a time, at the funeral of a wife, the undertaker arranged for the husband and mother-in-law to ride in the same carriage. "Must I," said the broken-hearted man, "must I ride with that awful woman?" "I think you will have to," answered the undertaker. "It will disturb every carriage of the procession to make a change, and you must ride here." "Well, if I must, I must," said the stricken man; "but to ride with her destroys all my pleasure on the present occasion."

At the grave of a wealthy and distinguished citizen of Vienna recently, two ladies, each claiming to be the widow of the deceased, met by accident, each having come to decorate the tomb with flowers and other emblems of affectionate remembrance. The result was that the police were obliged to interfere to keep the peace.

It is a somewhat singular circumstance that on the 6th day of January, 1872, James Fisk, Jr., was shot and killed by Edward S. Stokes, and in exactly twelve months from that date, January 6th, 1873, Stokes was sentenced to be hung for the murder.

"In London, no man ever thinks of blacking his own boots," said a haughty Briton once to the late Mr. Lincoln, whom he found polishing his calf skin gaiters. Whose boots does he black? quietly responded Uncle Abe, as he spit on the brush.

Tom Smith, a Louisville murderer, had his death warrant read to him the other day, and he replied, "Oh! stop fooling around and go on with the hanging!" They are going to on 15th of March.

Smart Connection: Conductor.—"Aren't you fourteen yet?" Impudicious big boy.—"No; I'm only thirteen." Smart C. C.—"Well, pay full fare for all passengers over twelve."

The Indiana Legislature has a bill before it which provides that no drunkard shall hold office in that State. If the bill passes, Indiana will be a good field for temperance papers.

A London missionary brought home a Hottentot, at considerable personal expense, and the fellow went and hired out to a circus the first week after his arrival.

Thomas Ford Moore, of Peoria, Illinois, went looking up land in Arkansas and was hung by mistake for a horse-thief.

Intelligence from Northern Spain says the Carlist force defeated by the royal forces at Agia is again ready to take the field. The commander of the royal forces at Alcanara is apprehensive of an attack and demands reinforcements. Olla with two thousand men defeated the government troops at Nedara.

The following, which by the coincidence of names, as well as other circumstances, smacks of Las Vegas production, we clip from the Aurora Borealis:

PILLS.

Bill Jones one day called in at friend Powels, And told him that pain had got into his bowels, Powel looked up and at once said to Bill,

The best thing for you is a mild Selleck pill. They are made of a compound most scientific,

Vegetables wholesome the principal specific, A combination of perfect gentleness, When they operate you feel a blessedness.

Then Bill gazed at Powel with such a stare, To get these good pills, O just tell me where;

Powel a pencil and paper then took, Wrote Massonneau Bros, the town of Red Hook.

A smile most pleasant lighted up Bill's face

As he sent an order to Massonneau, a place

For a box of Selleck's—as do most gents,

Enclosing a stamp worth Twenty-five cents.

Massonneau the order quickly received

And sent the pills to Bill who was soon relieved,

M. in his letter to Bill sent py mail, Said the pills to cure ills were ne'er known to fail. STEBBINS.

Many years ago, when the temperance movement began in Virginia, his ex-President Madison lent the weight of his influence to the cause. Case-bottles and decanters disappeared from the sideboard at Montpelier—wine was no longer dispensed to the many visitors at that hospitable mansion. Nor was this all. Harvest began, but the customary barrel of whiskey was not purchased, and the song of the scythemen in the wheatfield languished. In lieu of whisky, there was a beverage most innocuous, unstimulating and unpalatable to the army of dusky laborers.

The following morning Mr. Madison called in his head-man to make the usual inquiry, "Nelson, how comes on the crop?"

"Poly, Mars' Jeems—monsus poly."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Things is seynus."

"What do you mean by serious?"

"We gwine los' dat crap."

"Lose the crop! Why should we lose it?"

"Cause dat ar crap ar heap too big a crap to be gathered 'thout whiskey. Lasses-and-water never gathered no crap sence de worl' war made, ner 'tain gwine to."

Mr. Madison succumbed; the whiskey was procured, the "crap" was gathered, casebottles and decanters reappeared, and the ancient order was restored at Montpelier, never again to be disturbed.

When a wild spark attempts to kiss a Nantucket girl, she says: "Come, sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon."

The Boston girls hold still till they are kissed, when they flare up all at once, and say: "I think you ought to be astawed."

When a young chap steals a kiss from an Albany girl, she says: "I reckon its my turn now," and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget for a month.

When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing.

In Pennsylvania, when a female is saluted with a buss, she puts on bonnet and shawl and answereth.

"I am totally astonished at thy assurance, Jebediah, and for this indignity will sew thee up."

The Sag Harbor girl tussels and scratches till out of breath, when she submits to her fate with the most exemplary fortitude and resignation, without a murmur.

When a young man steals a kiss from a Lowell girl, she blushes like a full-blown rose, and says smartly, "You darsn't do that twice more."